

FREE POLAND

A SEMI-MONTHLY

The Truth About Poland and Her People

Vol. I—No. 7

DECEMBER 18, 1914

5 Cents a Copy



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CONTENTS

1. George Brandes to the Poles	2
2. Our Correspondence	2
3. Poles and Jews, by Frank S. Barć.....	3
4. Can We Trust Russia? by Victor A. Lukwiński	5
5. The European War and the Slavs, by Dr. R. Wistein ...	6
6. New Year's Wishes, by Adam Mickiewicz	7
7. "King, God & Co."	8
8. Intensified Racial Differences, by John S. Furrow	9
9. The Lighthouse-Keeper of Aspinwall, by Henryk Sienkiewicz	12
10. The American Hospital in Warsaw, Poland	15



George Brandes to the Poles

This editorial appeared in the *Globe and Commercial Advertiser* of New York, December 2, 1914. Our attention was drawn to it several days ago, and as a result two articles in answer have so far been written,—one by Mr. Frank S. Barć, Editor of *Naród Polski*, and another by John S. Furrow.—The Editor.

FOR over a quarter of a century Georg Brandes, the great Danish critic, has been the staunch friend of the Polish nationality. In various writings he has paid warm tribute to Poland's culture, and on many occasions has fervently pleaded for the right of this oppressed country. The Poles have had no better friend in the whole of Europe, nor have they had one of more eminence anywhere. Now he has penned a damning indictment of the Poles for their cruel and outrageous treatment of the Jews. In the article on "The Tragedy of the Jews in Poland", which has been made public in this city through the medium of The Day, Dr. Brandes reveals a situation which is as painfully disappointing to other well-wishers of Poland as it is mortifying to himself. A bitter anti-Semitic agitation, begun by blinded Polish bigots two years ago, has culminated in brutal assaults upon the Jews and deeds of violence which recall the massacres of Kishineff and Bialystok.

The trouble began in the election of 1912, when the Jews of Warsaw declined to support for the Duma Pan Kucharschewski, a pronounced anti-Semite, and instead threw their political strength in favor of the Liberal candidate, Jagello. A commercial boycott led to further excesses, in which full sway was given to unrestrained passions and little heed paid to more enlightened leaders like Ladislaus Mickiewicz, the son of the great poet, who pleaded in vain for the restoration of the old friendly relations between the Poles and the Jews. Now, when Poland is standing on the threshold of a new era, with bright prospects of emancipation; now, when she is most in need of the sympathy of civilization, her best friend taxes her with a list of misdeeds which chills sympathy.

That the attacks on Jewish lives and property have remained unchecked is in large measure due to the Russian government's tardiness in granting political privileges to the Jewish people. But in the official promise of autonomy which was made to the Poles, they were distinctly warned that they must respect the rights of other nationalities. In the address to the Polish people, which was delivered by the commander-in-chief of the Russian army, Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholayevich, he said:

Under this sceptre let Poland be reunited, free in her religion, language, and self-government. One thing Russia expects from you—the same respect for the rights of those nationalities with which history bound you.

Perhaps a satisfying answer will be given by Free Poland, the journal which is issued in Chicago by the Polish National Council of America and which is seeking to create public opinion in favor of Poland's emancipation. It is surely in the highest interests of a Free Poland to meet and face Dr. Brandes's questions.

Our Correspondence

(We reprint herewith some of the numerous letters we have received from Friends of Poland.)

To the Editor:—

I send you one dollar (\$1.00) as subscription for "Free Poland". I hope your good work in behalf of the Slavic race will produce results.

Yours truly,

Rev. James Kveton,
Wallace Station, Texas.

* * *

The Polish National Council of America:—

Please find one dollar for "Free Poland" with best wishes for our success. God save Poland and restore her freedom!

Yours sincerely,

Rev. B. M. O'Boylan,
Newark, Ohio.

* * *

Polish National Council of America,
984 Milwaukee Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

Herewith find my subscription to "Free Poland."

May God bless you and your cause. I most sincerely wish you every success. I am not of your race but may claim close kinship of sympathy, being as I am of race like your own, which has suffered heroically and long for the undying principles of faith and fatherland. No loyal Irish hearth could be imbued with anything but most cordial sympathy for poor suffering Poland, and every blow that her enemies suffer will be regarded as a God-sent vengeance on the unjust persecutors of your noble race. May the God of justice reward your loyalty to faith and fatherland.

Sincerely yours in Ch.,

Rev. W. E. Cavanagh, P. P.
Almonte, Ont.

* * *

Editor, Free Poland:—

I am sending you my humble offering for your worthy and interesting publication, "Free Poland." As a priest and Canadian-French, nothing would render me prouder than to see the Catholic and noble Poland resume its rank among the great and above all generous nations of Europe. Alas! such nations are rare in our days!

Courage and perseverance in your sacred and noble work. Accept my sincerest wishes for the success of your courageous undertaking.

Rev. O. N. Turgeon,
Buchard, Nebraska.



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Poles and Jews

By FRANK S. BARC

“OUR poor Polish nationality has ill luck with foreigners”.—So wrote several years ago one of our national philosophers — Bolesław Prus; and he was right.

Well we remember how some time ago one of the Norwegian poets had fulminated against the Poles for their tyrannizing over the hapless Ruthenians, and how later a French paper spoke on behalf of the Lithuanians oppressed by the Poles,—the Poles who have no government of their own, forsooth!

Several years ago the then socialistic leader in France, Jaures, accused the Poles of gross intolerance toward the Jews, and now Georg Brandes, the famous Danish novelist and critic, has written an interesting document on the subject.

And why?

Georg Brandes charges the Poles that they are bitter enemies of the Jews; that they boycott Jewish trade; that the whole Polish press is vehemently anti-Semitic; that the Poles institute Jewish pogroms; that they murder Jews by wholesale; that Polish priests incite their people to fight the Jews. And withal he enumerates many incidents of Polish atrocity, forged, by the way, upon a very flimsy anvil of reality. These accusations read like a novel and on the surface constitute a powerful arraignment of the Poles who, through various publications, are striving to win the sympathy of the world at large.

It is a fact that even some of the Polish progressive and free thinkers have risen against Jewish progressive nationalism.

Among them are Aleksander Świętochowski and the noted free thinker Andrzej Niemojewski who were once intimate friends of the Jews.

The change was brought about when on the streets of Warsaw the Jews had offered insult to the Polish national symbol, and in their Polish publications had begun to convince the Polish laborer that “Poland is a corpse from which he should turn away with a shudder.”

You can readily imagine what feelings this indignity awakened in the dormant Polish soul. The indignation gave birth to a movement called “progressive anti-Semitism”, which is given journalistic expression to by Andrzej Niemojewski, Iza Moszczeńska, Ehrenberg, Unszticht, and others. The slogan is “to dejudaize Polish progress, Polish socialism, Polish independent thought.”

The Jewish situation in Poland is a social question about which much has been written.

But social questions are like a wilderness: you can find healthful trees and infectious swamps, flowers and poisonous mushrooms, thickets and clearings, and above all, thousands of paths and a vast number of points of view.

From each point the wilderness presents new views, without ceasing to be a wilderness.

The attack of the Progressive anti-Semites appears to be very painful if Jaures is being succeeded by Georg Brandes, who, to say the least, means well, but snuggled away safely in Denmark, is simply unacquainted with conditions in Russian Poland. But casting away the sentimental glamour which has caused him to write the article, let us pry into the matter and see if we are the blood-thirsty wolves flaying the Jewish lambs alive, or only a flock of rams, among whom are busy Jewish foxes, apparently united in a powerful and purposeful organization.

We do not want any limitations, any exceptional laws as against the Jews. The Jews are waging with us a war for our national entity and existence. The Poles have rallied together and are fighting them with natural means and honest methods.

The Poles feel that in their own fatherland they are in rather narrow straits. Up to this time they have given way before the Jews, and indeed high time it is for them to reassert their rights.

One of the Jewish weeklies in Galicia wrote several years ago: “The Poles are bad rulers and will no more accomplish anything in this life. They will no more succeed in imposing on us

Jews their candidates in order to rule this country."

In Poland the Jews have the business and trade of the country in their hands; the banks and financial institutions are theirs. Are the Poles not allowed to have their own native trade, their own banks and financial institutions? Are they not allowed in self-defense to correct their mistakes and create a virile middle class of their own? And in answer, the Jews, who six centuries ago had found refuge in Poland, portray her sons as their "cruel enemy", and again and again the Jewish socialists, or better nationalists, as they are calling themselves, (Poland not Palestine, is to be the future Judea), have shouted that "Poland is a putrefying corpse", and "the Poles are a mean despicable race."

In Poland during the reign of Casimir the Great (1333-70), the Jews were enjoying equal rights and privileges with the rest of the citizens, while persecution was their lot in other parts of Christian Europe. Jewish immigration was steady from that time.

This afflux one of the Polish writers compares to rivers. Rivers are beneficial and harmful in their effects. A beneficial one causes a luxurious vegetation, and while overflowing deposits a rich alluvium, and sometimes leaves behind grains of gold and fragments of precious stones. A harmful river destroys the neighboring regions and leaves sterile sand and poisonous miasmata behind.

An example of the latter, for example, was the invasion of Europe by the Huns and Tartars. They formed armies of shepherds, who massacred or drove away the natives, destroyed agriculture, substituting therefor a lower form of pastoral life. Another example is furnished by the Gypsies,—a sort of sand which fails to be productive of anything useful,—because they ill repay with their tinsmithing and blacksmithing for damage wrought through incessant thefts and pilfering.

An example of the former is the historical emigration of Europeans to America. For instance, the Poles in the United States are a hard-working and thrifty people, good citizens, who not only perform their civic duties as best they can, but are willing to give up their lives on behalf of this hospitable republic. They form the above-mentioned alluvium. The grains of gold would be Kościuszko, Pulaski and many others; the injurious products would be loafers, beggars, thieves and bandits.

Jewish immigration to Poland had both good and bad qualities. The afflux brought a number of excellent and illustrious citizens, an example

of whom we find portrayed in Mickiewicz's *Pan Tadeusz*.

It must be remarked that while the Germans who had come to Poland a century ago became in time part and parcel of the nation, the Jews for several centuries past have managed to remain foreign to us; and lately, certain groups of the Jewish community resemble an army which is ready to fight with a view to exterminating or expelling us from our native soil. Indeed, in their arrogance they look upon the poor Poles as upon an exotic plant which must perforce be weeded out.

Then it must be remembered that there is a quite numerous category of Jews who are instrumental in spreading a frightful demoralization; they are usurers, keepers of brothels and public houses, buyers of stolen goods, dishonest dealers, and so forth.

I know whereof I speak; besides, our American friends will let themselves be quickly convinced if they recall that the keepers of many of the houses of ill fame in our big cities are Jews.

Therefore, in view of the fact that in Poland the Jews are commercially supreme, that they foster their own nationalism to the exclusion of everything else, and that last but not least, they exert a demoralizing influence upon the people, can you blame the Poles, because they have recognized their imminent danger?

Or take the recent facts. To combat the evil, the Poles in Russian Poland have started co-operative enterprises. The Jews look upon these with hatred mingled with fear. What do they do? In the first place, they will not rent their stores for these "cooperatives"; Jewish teamsters refuse to deliver their goods; then the Jews bribe a Christian girl who announces to everybody within reach that she has been cheated at a Christian "cooperative"; and finally, if this means fail, political denunciations are in order. The big Jewish business houses are dismissing their Polish personnels. Polish tutors are removed from Jewish homes. Jewish wholesale houses refuse filling orders coming from Polish retailers.

Perhaps Mr. Brandes will say that these are exceptions, individual cases. True. But these individual cases are backed up by that astounding Jewish solidarity thanks to which that people forms one organism, or if you please to call it, one caste, one nation, one army that defies all attempts at assimilation. It is true that they are split into parties which carry on a bitter fight with one another, but these differences notwithstanding, every one of them, wherever he turn,

is sure to find shelter, advice, protection, credit and care.

This caste has and carries on its own politics. During the Swedish invasion of Poland the Jews offered their services to the Swedes, later to the Russians, and the Germans, and all against the Poles—their benefactors. About 1860 there was a noticeable change for the better, but very little of it remains to-day as a result of their nationalism. When the Russians in the present war had occupied the city of Lemberg (Lwów), the Jews were the first to convert their former Austrian freedom into servile love for the “batyushka”; and the enthusiasm with which they shouted hurrah! was really worthy of a better cause.

But to continue. In the strikes and bloody demonstrations in Russian Poland many Jews were always the prime instigators.

And what is the ultimate result of these conditions? In the cities of Russian Poland the Jews constitute about 15 percent of the population and own 41 percent of their real estate.

During the last 12 years upward of one million Poles have come to America, and many thousands have left to seek work in Prussia.

And why?

Because on their own soil the Poles are pressed for space, being oppressed politically by their partitioners and commercially by the sons of Israel.

In this state of affairs the Poles must either emigrate or fight.

To emigrate from one's own fatherland, where a hostile race waxes strong, not everybody deems advisable, and therefore, he must needs resort to a struggle for his very existence, for his trade and commerce, for his very rights and privileges. Can you wonder, then, that the Poles for the watchword of the twentieth century have taken up the words: “Secure Polish towns for Poland.”

The watchword does not imply hatred of the Jews. Not at all. It means only that the Poles, who have allowed other elements to monopolize everything their own, are beginning to assert themselves. With them it means a self-defense carried on (with honorable methods) not against the Jews, but against their own gradual annihilation. In Russian Poland it would, perhaps, be hard to find ardent affection for the Jews, but it is doubly harder to find there hatred expressing itself by violence. The people have carried the Jews on their backs for centuries, and their awakening, their honorable boycotting of Jewish trade, is far from spelling anti-Semitism, or meaning cruel wanton destruction of Israel.

The future of the Polish nationality is at stake. The boycott, we emphatically repeat, is not attended with destruction of life or property. It has evolved from the conviction that Polish culture must be itself in order to mean anything to humanity.



Can We Trust Russia?

By VICTOR A. LUKWINSKI

To Editor of “Free Poland”:—

The present European war will undoubtedly change the map of Europe and, what is more bring in its wake much-needed reforms in both victorious and vanquished countries.

Already the Czar is reported as having promised the people religious freedom, rights of citizenship, autonomy to Poland and easement of the lot of the Jews. It is my opinion that when victorious the Czar will drown all his “sacred” pledges and promises in the glow of his increased autocratic power.

The present situation is similar to that about the time of the Russo-Japanese war. During March of the year 1904 the Czar granted freedom of organization. In April was issued a manifesto

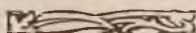
granting freedom of private opinion and belief. In the beginning of 1906 the Czar gave the country a parliament (*Duma*), but in July of the same year he changed the given system of elections, thereby making the *Duma* a tool of his own. Those, on the other hand, who trusted the Czar and proceeded to enjoy the liberties granted, were shot by his order.

Russia, then, will grant powers to the *Duma*, only gradually, “in view of existing conditions”, to whittle them to a stage that will render them practically worthless. Even as the present (4th) *Duma* is simply powerless as far as the people's rights are concerned, because it safeguards the interests of the nobility and the Russian clergy, but fails to comprise an adequate number of the people's representatives.

Only in the even of Russia's defeat can we expect any relief. Russia grants reforms only under pressure, and the more permanent the pressure, the more rights for the people. Russian defeat in this great war will render the Bear of the North, the future menace to Europe, less aggressive and less cruel. We may expect that a wrathful populace, (just as it happened after the Russo-Japanese war), will charge the very doors of the Czar's palace and even slaughter members of the ruling class. The people of Russia will gain their desired end if they get rid of the incubus of autocracy and take the matter of government

into their own hands. Then the Poles will get some advantages.

As it is, since victory has not perched upon the banner of either Germany or the Allies, it is to be regretted that so many Poles pin their faith upon the Czar; believing his promises is like grasping at a shadow. Only when the Russian government will have met with a series of defeats, and only when the situation in Russian Poland will have been complicated by a serious national uprising, can we expect anything as far as Russia is concerned. Hope springs eternal in the Polish heart; but I fear the Russians even if they bring gifts.



The European War and the Slavs

By DR. R. WISTEIN

NO achievement of art or science of the present era has created such a universal interest as the barbarism of the so-called civilized nations of Europe.

The present struggle in Europe for supremacy and power is a direct insult to Christianity and civilization and shows that the human race has really not as yet entered the era of real civilization. Never were missionaries of the various Christian denominations needed so much as at the present, and never did they have before them so gigantic a task.

Even here in America we are already figuring what gains can be acquired, how much business we can control, and how we can raise the prices on raw material. The few against the many. The same old law only in another form. One advantage that we shall in all probability gain, is the demand for better knowledge of geography and history of European nations. The average knowledge of the map of Europe of the American citizen is about as profound as my knowledge of astronomy which outside of knowing the constellations is practically nil.

In trying to study the situation in Europe we must try to understand the underlying conditions, the various points of evolution of the various nations, their geographical, educational, political, economic and national conditions. American people will find it difficult to reach the proper viewpoint. They have not had to pass through all that fire and sword that has been undermining the evolution and development of the various nationalities, particularly that of the Slavic races.

The Germans are trying in every possible way to gain the sympathies of the American people, using every method, (everything is fair in love and war) imaginable to acquire the destined end. We feel that if a cause is just and right, it requires no excuses or special explanations. A white, clean wall does not need whitewashing. The present struggle is one of Right and Might.

We know that the large area of Russian possessions was acquired by colonization and not by conquest. History also tells us that Germany always seized land from its neighbor when that neighbor was least able to defend the seizure; from Denmark it took Schleswig-Holstein, from France Alsace-Lorraine, from Austria Silesia.

When in 1877 Russia having declared war on Turkey for the atrocities which were being continually perpetrated by the Turks upon the Christian Slavs, had Turkey absolutely in its power, what did the other nations do? Representatives of the great Powers of Europe, Lord Beaconsfield, Gortchakof, Shuvalof, Andrassy, and Bismark, on the 13th of June met in Berlin. At a congress which lasted a month, by their interference, the Turkish Empire was again put in a position of comparative stability and independence. Lord Salisbury, in his despatch to the English Government, announcing the conclusion of the Berlin Treaty, thus summed up the results: "The Sultan's dominions have been provided with a defensible frontier, far removed from his capital."

You will notice that the Russian and Servian governments, do not ask their representatives to write letters to prominent Americans whom they have entertained in Europe, as for instance, to Theodore Roosevelt, in order to have them published in the American newspapers. We have imbibed, however, enough of the American spirit to want the American people to understand the Slav point of view without wishing to excuse anything.

Barbarities in war must occur as war is a barbarity. We must not forget that the Eastern and Southern Slavs have not achieved that era of development that their Western and Northern brethren have, and consequently there will occur various barbarities there of which we can not approve. However, civilization need throw no stones as long as we allow 60 thousand women to be sold in white slave traffic every year in United States alone.

And recent developments have shown what Russia is capable of. The Czar's order regarding sale of liquor by the government to the army was followed by demand of the people to prohibit the sale of alcohol throughout the country. When we consider that one-third of the income of the government was derived by that sale we can measure the importance of that law.

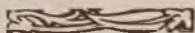
The environment of Russia having a distinct influence on the spiritual and moral development of its people, we find that the Russian people are by occupation devoted to agriculture and are very religious. Their literature is second to none as Dostojewsky, Turgenev, Tolstoi prove. Artist and scientist are by no means rare. There is however, a vast difference between the people and the government which was, by the way, influenced by Germany and England.

As regards the Bohemians and the Poles, they have passed through the fire of grim suffering and now are

patiently waiting for a readjustment of the map of Europe along ethnic lines. What the Bohemians, what the Poles have achieved in the world, there is no need to discuss here.

In general, the Slavs would rather be poets than warriors. The autocracy in Russia is an imported institution. The natural inclination of the Slav is to liberty and artistic temperament. But they will fight to maintain what they consider their own and certainly will not be conquered by brute force.

The ideal of the Slav is the ideal of humanity, giving to everyone the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which he enjoys himself and allows no one to interfere with that right. And these are the ideals which we hold. But between the reality and the ideal there is always a large scope for work. The Slav has his shortcomings which the present war will tend to rectify.



New Year's Wishes

By ADAM MICKIEWICZ

The poem, written in 1823, represents a thought expressed already by Jean Paul Richter.

—The Editor.

* * *

THE old year is dead, and from its ashes blossoms bright
New Phoenix, spreading wings o'er the heavens far and near;
Full of hopes and wishes, earth salutes it with delight.
What should I for myself desire on this glad New Year?
Say, happy moments! I know these lightning flashes swift;
When they the heavens open and gild the wide earth o'er,
We wait the assumption till the weary eyes we lift
Are darkened by a night sadder than e'er known before.
Say, 'tis love I wish!—that youthful frenzy full of bliss
Bears one to spheres platonic—to joys divine I know;
Till the strong and gay are hurled down pain's profound abyss,
Hurled from the seventh heaven upon the rocks below.
I have dreamed and I have pined: I soared and then I fell.
Of a peerless rose I dreamed, and to gather it I thought,
When I awoke. Then vanished the rose with the dream's bright spell
Thorns in my breast alone were left—Love I desire not!

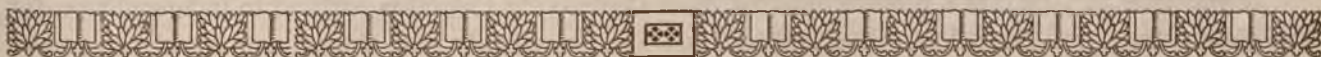
Shall I ask for friendship? —that fair goddess who on earth
Youth creates? Ah! who is there who would not friendship crave
She is first to give imagination's daughter birth;
Ever to the uttermost she seeks life to save.

Friends, how happy are ye all! Ye live as one and hence
Ever the selfsame power has o'er you all control;
Like Armida's palm, whose leaves seemed separate elements
While the whole tree was nourished by one accursed soul.

But when the fierce and furious hail-storms strike the tree,
Or when the venomous insects poison it with their bane,
In what sharp suffering each separate branch must be
For others and itself!—I desire not friendship's pain.

For what, then, shall I wish, on this New Year just begun?
Some lovely by-place—bed of oak—where sweet peace descends
From whence I could see never the lightness of the sun,
Hear the laugh of enemies, or see the tears of friends!

There until the world should end, and after that to stay
In sleep which all my senses against all power should bind,
Dreaming as I dreamt my golden youthful years away,
Love the world—wish it well—but away from human-kind.



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To Editors and Publishers

The Polish Question is a timely one throughout the world. The contents of this publication will furnish, we hope, adequate material for use at opportune moments.

"King, God & Co."

It forms a sad commentary on our enlightened age to see the rulers of the world invoking the aid of the Divinity. Each is convinced that his cause is the right one because "God is on his side." The throne of God, bombarded with so many prayers, must surely shake to its very foundations out of sheer despair over this dilemma.

The King plunges his country, out of territorial greed, into war and then has the impudence to beseech God's aid, as if God were on the side of war, which is nothing but wholesale murder. Even now the whole of Europe is one vast grave-yard, enveloped in one terrific conflagration.

If you look at Grottger's picture entitled *Żałoba* (Mourning), you see a home wrecked by the

death of a beloved person who fell on the field of battle. In Europe you find now millions of such homes.

While *Żałoba* depicts destruction of life, the drawing called *Pożoga* paints destruction of property. At present the whole of Belgium is laid waste; the whole of Poland a mass of ruins. Think what burdens this war, through loss of life and property, will place upon the shoulders of the generations to be! Yet the King, the cause of this wholesale destruction, dares call in God's assistance!

* *

A different spirit you find here in this country. Lincoln, when asked if he was sure God was on our side, answered: "I don't know. I haven't thought about that. What I'm anxious to find out is whether we are on God's side." Great words from a truly great man.

If the Monarchs of Europe had earnestly striven to be on God's side, surely the present conflagration would not have burst out with such fury. As it is, the whole of Europe suffers. And Poland in every field and village has felt the tramp of war. Half of her population is homeless at the present moment. Her sons are doing their full share in the German, the Austrian and the Russian armies. Blood, a whole ocean of it, again is soaking into the soil, so often the battleground of Europe.

* *

And what shall be Poland's reward for the magnitude of this sacrifice?

George Macaulay Trevelyan, in an article in *McClure's*, representing the hopes of England regarding the future of Europe, says that if the Czar fulfills his promise and gives Home Rule to a reunited Poland, it is all the Poles ask. "They have", the noted historian holds, "in the last generation abandoned the idea of an independent Poland."

In answer, all that can be said is that the Poles have ever loved liberty. They realize that their future is now in the balance and depends on the Powers themselves. If blood is the price of liberty, if liberty means political independence, then surely Poland is entitled to independence, for she has already paid the price in blood twice over.



ŻALOBNA (MOURNING) By Grottger

Intensified Racial Differences

By JOHN S. FURROW

THE present war among others has brought about one fact—it has intensified national characteristics and racial differences to an astonishing degree. Beautiful and inspiring talks on universal brotherhood, federation of man, Christian love, alas, are no more! And withal the Palace of Peace at The Hague so wofully resembles a house of cards!

And it is amusing to see my fellow-citizen of German extraction refusing to read the English newspapers because, as he says, they are printing "All lies." How affectionately he hugs under his arm a *Chicagoer Presse* or a *Staats-Zeitung*!

And it is entertaining to watch my Jewish friend expostulating that Christendom has run amuck, and that Christianity is about to collapse. He casts the skin of cosmopolitanism and with pride points out that in this universal conflagration "we Jews are the only people having some brains and common sense."

The German Socialists have converted their sharp pens spilling inky drops of criticism into sharp swords spilling red drops of blood; the Kaiser is proud of them as soldiers.

Nor are from racial ties the wise ones of this earth exempt, either. It seems the veneer of a university education is not prejudice-proof. In fact, the wiser they be, the sadder their fall. Muensterberg, Haeckel, Maeterlinck, and, I presume, some of the Immortelles of France, have spoken and made—fools of themselves. Ah, yes, there is a crack in everything God has made or permitted man

to make. And if the intellectuals now and then crack a joke or a bit of folly, why, they only show that they are human.

Last but not least, Georg Brandes, that eminent Danish critic and litterateur, has spoken. Even he, man of the world, despite his cosmopolitan polish, has undergone a metamorphosis; and we cannot but be amused that a Georg Brandes is giving way to a Moritz Kohn. The fact that he abjured the customs and traditions of his people, and that therefor he has been bitterly attacked by members of many Kahals and Hasidim, can be overlooked. The fact that he has come back, that he has spoken on behalf of his people, excites in every Pole a greater love and admiration for the man.

The examples I have given all prove that in times of danger, in times of a crisis of a grave character, the people rally, give up their hobbies, and prepare for war to the knife. You cannot, then, very well be surprised that Europe, the old Sinner, that crazy-quilt conglomeration of creeds and races and nationalities, finds its children all subject to racial hatreds and to bitter national accusations. Such a state of affairs has a most amazing faculty for tossing Christian love to the winds.

The Poles find themselves in a strained position. Their interest divided among Austria, Germany, Russia, and the Jewish question, it seems the Poles must be ever burdened with trouble in order to live. The situation of the Poles in Austrian Poland, German Poland, and Russian Poland has been and will be described by others.

The purpose of this article is to throw light upon the Jewish question in Poland.

The Appeal of the Polish Central Relief Committee points out that Poland has always championed the cause of freedom and justice. Poland received the Jews, the Hussites and emigrants of the Thirty Years War when all the rest of the world would have none of them. And that is true.

There is authentic evidence as to the presence of Jews in Poland as far back as the 12th century. While they were persecuted in the rest of Europe, in Poland under Prince Mieczysław III (1173-1202) and king Casimir the Just (1177-1194) and Leszek the White (1194-1207) the Jews enjoyed great prosperity and had charge of the mints. Coins bearing Jewish inscriptions were unearthed in 1872 in the village of Głębok and show conclusively that the Jews were in charge of the coinage in the principalities of Wielkopolska and Małopolska.

Then later King Kazimierz the Great extended their privileges still farther and proceeded to fall in love with a beautiful Jewess, Esther, for whom he erected a palace in Cracow.

Indeed, in time Poland became the recognized haven of refuge for exiles from Western Europe,—the cultural and spiritual center of the Jewish people.

For example Julian Ursyn Niemcewicz (1758-1841), a friend of Thomas Jefferson, was an eye witness of the Polish revolt of 1830-31 and wrote: "The Jews, our most dangerous foe, have done us harm not only through espionage, but having spread the rumor that the treasury would cease to pay out cash on the notes, created such a panic that even their own countrymen, misled, began to make a run on the treasurer; and this when the national finances were at their lowest ebb."

But in general, the Poles have not looked upon the Jew as traitor, as spy, as Judas. While the poets and writers of other nations were portraying the Jew as a typical cruel usurer, Poland's poet, Mickiewicz, depicted a lovable Jewish type in his epic *Pan Tadeusz* (published in 1834.).

Then the Pole cannot very well accuse the Jew of espionage and treason because he only too keenly remembers that in Poland's history there were so many Poles who turned traitors. Zbigniew, for example, out of envy called in against his brother, King Bolesław the Wry-lipped (1102-1139), the Bohemians and the German emperor, Henry V. In 1655 Hieronim Radziejewski incited Charles Gustave, of Sweden, against Jan Kazimierz, thereby plunging Poland into war with Sweden. And in 1792 it was the Polish magnates, Szczesny Potocki, Ksa-



POŻOGA (CONFLAGRATION) By Grottger

The Poles were either peasants or noblemen; they scorned trade, and consequently it was the Jews and the Germans that formed the commercial or bourgeois class.

After the first partition of Poland, the famous Constitution of the Third of May (1791) recognized the civil and political equality of the Jews.

"This," writes Herman Rosenthal in the Jewish Encyclopaedia (vol. X), "was the only example in modern Europe before the French Revolution of tolerance and broad-mindedness in dealing with the Jewish question."

Nor has the Polish Jew been without patriotism. Berek Joselewicz will never be forgotten by the Poles. He formed a regiment consisting entirely of Jews, which distinguished itself at the siege of Warsaw, nearly all its members perishing in the defense of Praga, the fortified suburb of the capital.

On the other hand, Jewish patriotism has been critic-

wery Branicki, and Seweryn Rzewuski who most diligently aided Czarina Catherine in destroying the good work of the aforesaid Constitution of the Third of May.

No, the Poles bear no ill-will towards the Jews as Jews. Georg Brandes has written on behalf of his kinsmen, as I have said, because of racial ties intensified by the present war. And it is a pity that the Ruthenians did not persuade him to write before the war. Then there would have been more room and time for cold reflection, calm investigation, sober judgment, truth and fair play.

As it is, truth and fair play in the present strain have flown (as Carlyle would put it) to the Land of Weissnichtwo. Now every petty offense (since grim-visaged war has a wrinkled front) is magnified into a gross crime. In these trying times it is so easy to subordinate prejudice to truth. Mrs. Myron T. Herrick, returning to this country with her husband, who has just ceased to be the Am-

bassador to France, says: "I do not know of one case in which sufficient or convincing proof has been offered concerning these so-called atrocities. When the war and excitement are over I am sure that all such stories will be found groundless."—To return to the Jewish question in Poland, however, the Jewish delegation who went to Georg Brandes with their tale of grievances cannot but have exaggerated them.

With the Russian Pole the Jewish question is not one of extermination, but of preserving his national identity. The racial differences of the two peoples have been intensified by the struggle, but that does not mean that one is killing off by wholesale the other. The Poles simply have rallied together, because they realize that the Jews in Poland, by preaching in their newspapers, lectures, schools, cheders, Talmud torahs, a lively Jewish nationalism with its seat in Poland, are threatening their very national existence. It would be well here to dwell upon the characteristics of the two peoples.

The Pole has worshiped the ideal rather than the idea; his heroes personify his aspiration; and he has ever believed in visionary patriotism and artistic preoccupation. The Pole has never gone to war over commerce, has never been ambitious to amass gigantic fortunes; and even now you can find many Poles who boast, in this commercial age, of having no millionaires among them. They prefer to lavish their affections on a poet, on a novelist. Polish artisans, for example, on the twenty-fifth anniversary (in 1902) of Sienkiewicz's literary life, contributed to him as a free gift a beautiful estate of 300 acres at Oblęgorek, in Russian Poland.

Impulsive generosity, the recklessness and love of glory, emotionalism, lack of subordination for the common weal, lack of restraint and cohesion,—these were the characteristics of the Polish people. The golden mean was not theirs; they were either brilliant or slow, noblemen or peasants. Their middle class, as we have seen, was composed of Jews and Germans.

But several decades ago the Poles in their political degradation began to feel that "the bourgeoisie" is a class necessary for the perpetuity of a nation; they began to feel the need of creating a virile middle class. Now they have learnt self-sacrifice for common good; they are earnest to perfect themselves; and to their native qualities they have added Anglo-Saxon practicality. They are striving hard to adapt themselves to the spirit of the century. And while formerly in Poland you found only noblemen and peasants, now you see Polish physicians, lawyers, engineers, mechanics, shopkeepers, bankers, merchants.

Competition is hard, for it is hard to compete with a race which having been thrown for centuries upon its own resources, has developed its mental acumen to the n-th degree.

The Jew has lost nearly all the pastoral, agricultural instincts of his race, and instead he is possessed of commercial success and shrewdness in finance. His racial solidarity is astounding. Israel Zangwill, who calls America "the melting pot", himself admits that even here the Jew will never entirely lose his identity. Whatever language he speak, whatever creed he adopt, the Jew will never quite lose his national characteristics; for, as Zangwill puts it, "the water outside will never change the blood within."

Cheerful in gloom, mistrustful in joy, he will, as he has done for the last 5000 years, resist all attempts at complete drowning of his racial traits. We Poles are ac-

cused of being clannish; but the Jew in Poland fosters a most jealous tribal spirit. He is ever victorious; and perhaps, there will come a time when Poland, after having performed its mission, the world will have seen crumble into dust, only to find the Jew, ever patient, ever fearful and valorous, ever humble and arrogant, still continuing to be the puzzle of the ages.

As Isaac says to Rebecca, in *Ivanhoe* (chap. X): "O daughter, disinherited and wandering as we are, the worst evil which befalls our race is that when we are wronged and plundered, all the world laughs around, and we are compelled to suppress our sense of injury, and to smile tamely, when we would revenge bravely."

And Rebecca answered: "Think not thus of it, my father; we also have advantages. These Gentiles, cruel and oppressive as they are, are in some sort dependent on the dispersed children of Zion, whom they despise and persecute. Without the aid of our wealth, they could neither furnish forth their hosts in war, nor their triumphs in peace; and the gold which we lend them returns with increase to our coffers. We are like the herb which flourisheth most when it is most trampled on."

Poland, as has been said, did not trample on the scattered children of Zion. In Poland the Jew was not, as in other countries, the property of the kings, but formed a separate people, enjoying a liberal autonomy. In the present clash between Jew and Pole it is really Russia that is to be blamed. Russia has dumped her surplus Jews on Poland. Keen of intellect and strong if will, the Jews soon proved a danger to the Poles. Jewish aggressiveness succeeded in opening the eyes of the Poles who never were aggressive, as history shows. For example, though they could have easily conquered Lithuania and Ruthenia, they never did, and those countries joined their lot with that of Poland of their own accord. "The union in 1569", — writes Louis E. Van Norman, — "was the first voluntary confederation of independent powers in Europe."

But the Poles (*tempora mutantur....*) have undergone a change, and their desire to create a strong middle class of their own has become one more weapon to preserve their sense of racial unity. And that is where the "cruel" boycott comes in.

About July, 1913, we read in the Polish-American newspapers that trouble was brewing in Russian Poland.

The Warsaw Jews, we read, by falsely interpreting election rules, succeeded in electing the Liberal Jagiello. This spurred on the Poles to liberate themselves from the Jews who "had the trade in their hands and made the Poles dependent on them."

The cooperative movement was started for self-defense, and the people responded all the more readily since the Jews expelled from Russia (Litwaks) looked with contempt upon everything Polish. The arrogance of the Litwaks reached extraordinary limits.

Of course, when Polish commerce began to grow, the Jews, who, as we have seen, had the monopoly of trade, were scared and raised a "howl." A year ago they started a campaign against the Russian-Polish community in the French, the English and the German press. The largest Jewish paper in Germany, *Berliner Tageblatt*, July 13, 1913, devoted its first page to the boycott in Russian Poland. Self-help and the right to create domestic business it was pleased to call anti-Semitism. The paper *Vorwaerts* spread the gossip that "near Vienna (?) Polish peasants burned Jewish homes and indifferently watched eight Jews losing their lives in the flames." Papers like *Schlesische Zeitung* and *Kattowitzer Zeitung* stated that

Christians had incited 10-14 years old boys to set fire to Jewish homes. (God Lord, as if the Christians then had had brains enough to initiate an arson trust!)—Then the organ of English Jews, the *Jewish Chronicle*, about June 1913, gave vivid descriptions of "atrocities" in Russian Poland besides which the pogrom at Kisheneff paled into insignificance. They know better by this time.

To be sure, reports of "atrocities" perpetrated by the Jews on the poor Poles came from the other side. And thus, about September 2, 1913, there came reports that the Jews were boycotting the Poles. About that time a Jewish paper printed an appeal coming from the rabbi at Parczew (in the government of Siedlce) to the effect that the Jewish congregation of Warsaw should send a Jewish doctor to Parczew inasmuch as Polish doctors were boycotted. September 19, of the same year, in Podwołoczyska, a Polish student of the Polytechnic School was attacked by 30 Jewish students armed with heavy canes. In Podwołoczyska there was a Jewish society called Tikwah which, as the papers reported, was often provoking the Poles. — Then this humorous incident. The Jewish papers of June 14, 1913, described the boycotting of carps from Polish ponds ("sazelkes"). Jewish women refused to buy for Schabos fish from Polish fishmongers, while those who, unaware of the boycott, had bought from Poles, were later enjoined upon to throw the boiled "Polish" carps into the gutter.

Laying these "atrocities" aside, one sees that the co-operative movement of the Poles is a national rally. Goodness knows that the Polish spirit would have perhaps never awakened but for the arrogance of some of the Jews. In Cracow, where most of the homes were in Jewish hands, one of the Jewish aldermen of the city shouted to the Poles: "Let us count ourselves, and then you will know who is landlord and who is tenant here."

What is the solution to this problem? We do not know. One answer was presented by the Spaniol Jews, who also having raised a howl against Greek "abuse" in Salonica despite the fact that King George had assured them of impartiality, emigrated as a last resort, seeing the end of their undisturbed prosperity under former Turkish rule.

The problem must be solved by the Jews themselves. Colonisation would provide a much-needed outlet for Russia's and Austria's unwelcome Hebrew population. That explains the origin of Zionism, which is "a racial movement among the Jews, arising out of their almost worldwide ostracism, and having in view the amelioration of their condition, and the advancement of their interests, political, religious, or economic."

The Poles have a powerful will to live—to stick where they really belong. Emerson, in his essay entitled *Self-Reliance*, says: "They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination, did so by sticking fast where they were." That the Pole means to do something and to stick fast where he is follows from what we have said, from what has been written on the subject.

The Poles only desire to make right with America, to win the sympathy of the whole world. They know that intelligent Americans understand the Jewish question in Poland from all angles, as shown, for example, by a correspondence, entitled *Independent Palestine May Come Out Of War*, which appeared in the *Chicago Post*, December 5, 1914. It states: "We have two influences at work for the re-establishment of a Jewish state—the British desire for a neutral Palestine, and the territorial instinct of the Jews themselves. There is a third influence. Russia has pledged herself to the re-establishment of an autonomous Poland under the Czar. But in Poland, as we know it now, there is one obvious obstacle to the development of a Polish state strong in its national consciousness, and that is the presence of a large Jewish element."

"All who know Russian Poland will agree that a settlement of the Jewish question is pledged, and will recognize that it is precisely to the Polish Jews that the re-constitution of the Jewish state would make the strongest appeal."

In conclusion, I wish to say just this: Jankiel, the patriotic Jew portrayed by Mickiewicz in his *Pan Tadeusz*, as has been said, is a most lovable character; and that is the type of Jew the Poles will retain in their memory, for they know that such Jankiels will solve the Jewish problem by building an independent Jewish state in Palestine or elsewhere.



The Lighthouse-Keeper of Aspinwall

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ



UT it seemed to him that all the four elements were persecuting him. Those who knew him said that he had no luck, and with that they explained everything. He himself became somewhat of a monomaniac. He believed that some mighty and vengeful hand was pursuing him everywhere, on all lands and waters. He did not like, however, to speak of this; only at times, when some one asked him whose hand that could be, he pointed mysteriously to the Polar Star, and said, "It comes from that place."

In reality his failures were so continuous that they were wonderful, and might

easily drive a nail into the head, especially of the man who had experienced them. But Skavinski had the patience of an Indian, and that great calm power of resistance which comes from truth of heart. He had received once in Hungary a number of bayonet thrusts because he would not grasp at a stirrup which was shown as means of salvation to him, and implore quarter. In like manner he did not bend to misfortune. He crept up against the mountain as industriously as an ant. Pushed down a hundred times, he began his journey calmly for the hundred and first time. He was in his way a most peculiar original. This old soldier tempered God knows in how many fires,

hardened in suffering, hammered and forged, had the heart of a child. In time of the epidemic in Cuba, the vomito attacked him because he had given to the sick all his quinine, of which he had a considerable supply, and left not a grain to himself.

There had been in him also this wonderful quality,—that after so many disappointments he was ever full of confidence, and did not lose hope that all would be well yet. In winter he grew lively, and foretold great events. He waited for these events with impatience, and lived through whole summers with the thought of them. But the winters passed one after another, and Skavinski lived only to this,—that they whitened his head. At last he grew old, began to lose energy; his endurance was becoming more and more like resignation, his former calmness was tending toward supersensitiveness, and that tempered soldier was degenerating into a man ready to shed tears for any cause. Besides this, from time to time he was weighed down by a terrible homesickness which was roused by any circumstance,—the sight of swallows, gray birds like sparrows, snow on the mountains, or melancholy music like that heard on a time. Finally, there was one idea which mastered him,—the idea of rest. It mastered the old man thoroughly, and swallowed all other hopes and desires. This ceaseless wanderer could not imagine anything more to be longed for, anything more precious, than a quiet corner in which to rest, and wait for the end in silence. Perhaps specially because some whim of fate had so hurried him over all seas and lands that he could hardly catch breath, did he imagine that the highest human happiness was simply not to wander. It is true that such modest happiness was due to him; but he was so accustomed to disappointments that he thought of rest as people in general think of a thing which surpasses attainment. He dared not hope for it. Meanwhile, unexpectedly in the course of twelve hours he had gained a position which was as if chosen for him out of all in the world. We are not to wonder, then, that when he lighted his lantern in the evening he was as if dazed,—that he asked himself if that was reality, and dared not answer that it was. But at the same time reality convinced him with incontrovertible proofs; hence hours one after another passed while he was on the balcony. He gazed, and convinced himself. It might seem that he was looking at the sea for the first time in his life. The lens of the lantern cast into the darkness an enormous triangle of light, beyond which the eye of the old man was lost in the black distance completely, in a distance mysterious and

awful. But that distance seemed to run toward the light. The long waves following one another rolled out of the darkness, and went bellowing toward the base of the island; and then their foaming backs were visible, shining rose-colored in the light of the lantern. The incoming tide swelled more and more, and covered the sandy bars. The mysterious speech of the ocean came with a fullness more powerful and louder, at one time like the thunder of cannon, at another like the distant dull sound of the voices of people. At moments it was quiet; then to the ears of the old man came some great sigh, then a kind of sobbing, and again, threatening outbursts. At last the wind bore away the haze, but through black, broken clouds, which hid the moon. From the west it began to blow more and more; the waves sprang with rage against the rock of the light-house, licking with foam the foundation walls. In the distance a storm was beginning to bellow. On the dark, disturbed expanse certain green lanterns gleamed from the mast of ships. These green points rose high and then sank; now they swayed to the right and now to the left. Skavinski descended to his room. The storm began to howl. Outside people on those ships were struggling with night, with darkness, with waves; but inside the tower it was still and calm. Even the sounds of the storm hardly came through the thick walls, and only the measured tick-tack of the clock lulled the wearied old man to his slumber.

II.

HOURS, days and weeks passed. Sailors assert that at times when the sea is greatly roused, something from out the midst of night and darkness calls them by name. If the infinity of the sea may call out thus, perhaps when a man is growing old, calls come to him, too, from another infinity still darker and more deeply mysterious; and the more he is wearied by life the dearer become those calls to him. But to hear them quiet is needed. Besides, old age loves to seclude itself as if with a fore-knowledge of the grave. The light-house had become for Skavinski such a half grave. Nothing is more monotonous than life on a beacon-tower. If young people consent to take up this service they leave it soon after. Light-house keepers are generally men not young, gloomy, and confined to themselves. If by chance one of them leaves his light-house and goes among men, he walks in the midst of them like a person roused from deep slumber. On the tower there is a lack of minute impressions which in ordinary life teach men to adapt themselves to everything. All that a light-house keeper comes in contact

with is gigantic, and devoid of forms sharply outlined. The sky is one whole, the water another; and between those two infinities the soul of man is in loneliness. That is a life in which thought is continual meditation, and out of that meditation nothing rouses the keeper, not even his work. Day is like day as two beads in a rosary, unless changes of weather form the only variety. But Skavinski felt more happiness than ever in life before. He rose with the dawn, took his breakfast, polished the lens, and then sitting on the balcony gazed into the distance of the water; and his eyes were never sated with the pictures which he saw before him. On the enormous turquoise ground of the ocean were to be seen generally flocks of swollen sails gleaming in the rays of the sun with such brightness that the eyes blinked before the excess of light. Sometimes ships, favored by the so-called trade winds, went in an extended line one after another, like a chain of sea-mews or albatrosses. The red casks indicating the channel swayed on the light wave with gentle movement. Among the sails appeared every afternoon gigantic grayish feather-like plumes of smoke. That was a steamer from New York which brought passengers and goods to Aspinwall, drawing behind it a frothy path of foam. On the other side of the balcony Skavinski saw as if on his palm Aspinwall and its busy harbor, and in it a forest of masts, boats, and craft; a little farther white houses and the steeples of the town. From the height of his tower the small houses were like the nests of sea-mews, the boats were like beetles, and the people moved around like small points on the white stone boulevard. From early morning a light eastern breeze brought a confused hum of human life, above which predominated the whistle of steamers. In the afternoon six o'clock came; the movement in the harbor began to cease; the news hid themselves in the rents of the cliffs; the waves grew feeble and became in some sort lazy; and then on the land, on the sea, and on the tower came a time of stillness unbroken by anything. The yellow sands from which the waves had fallen back glittered like golden spots on the expanse of waters; the body of the tower was outlined definitely in blue. Floods of sunbeams were poured from the sky on the water and the sands and the cliff. At that time a certain lassitude full of sweetness seized the old man. He felt that the rest which he was enjoying was excellent; and when he thought that it would be continuous nothing was lacking him.

Skavinski was intoxicated with his own happiness; and since a man adapts himself easily to improved conditions, he gained faith and con-

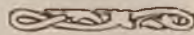
fidence gradually; for he thought that if men built houses for invalids, why should not God gather up at last his own invalids? Time passed, and confirmed him in this conviction. The old man grew accustomed to his tower, to the lantern, to the rock, to the sandbars, to solitude. He grew accustomed also to the sea-mews which hatched in the crevices of the rock and in the evening held meetings on the roof of the light-house. Skavinski threw to them generally the remnants of his food; and soon they grew tame, and afterward when he fed them a real storm of white wings encircled him, and the old man went among the birds like a shepherd among sheep. When the tide ebbed he went to the low sandbanks, on which he collected savory periwinkles and beautiful pearl shells of the nautilus, which receding waves had left on the sand. In the night by the moonlight and the tower he went to catch fish, which frequented the windings of the cliff in myriads. At last he was in love with his rocks and his treeless little island, grown over only with small thick plants exuding sticky resin. The distant views repaid him for the poverty of the island, however. During afternoon hours, when the air became very clear he could see the whole isthmus covered with the richest vegetation. It seemed to Skavinski at such times that he saw one gigantic garden, — bunches of cocoa, and enormous musa, combined as it were in luxurious tufted bouquets, right there behind the houses of Aspinwall. Farther on, between Aspinwall and Panama, was a great forest over which every morning and evening hung a reddish haze of exhalations, — real tropical forest with its feet in stagnant water, interlaced with lianas and filled with the sound of one sea of gigantic orchids, palms, milk-trees, iron-trees, gum-trees.

Through his field-glass the old man could see not only trees and the broad leaves of bananas, but even legions of monkeys and great marabous and flocks of parrots, rising at times like a rainbow cloud over the forest. Skavinski knew such forests well, for after being wrecked on the Amazon he had wandered whole weeks among similar arches and thickets. He had seen how many dangers and deaths lie concealed under those marvellous and smiling exteriors. During the nights which he had spent in them he heard close at hand the sepulchral voices of howling monkeys and the roaring of the jaguars; he saw gigantic serpents coiled like lianas on trees; he knew those slumbering forest lakes full of torpedo-fish and swarming with crocodiles; he knew under what a yoke man lives in those unexplored wildernesses in which are single leaves tenfold greater in size than a

man,—wildernesses swarming with blood-drinking mosquitoes, tree-leeches, and immense poisonous spiders. He had experienced that forest life himself, had witnessed it, had passed through it; therefore it gave him the greater enjoyment to look from his height and gaze on those matos, admire their beauty, and be guarded from their treachery. His tower preserved him from every evil. He left it only for a few hours on Sunday. He put on then his blue keeper's coat with silver buttons, and hung his crosses on his breast. His milk-white head was raised with a certain pride when he heard at the door, while entering the church, the Creoles say among themselves, "We have an honorable light-house keeper and not a heretic, though he is a Yankee." But he returned straightway after Mass to his island, and returned happy, for still he distrusted the mainland. On Sunday also he read the Spanish newspaper which he bought in the town, or the "New York Herald", which he borrowed from Falconbridge; and he sought in it European news eagerly. The

poor old heart on that light-house tower and in another hemisphere was beating yet for its birth-place. At times too, when the boat brought his daily supplies and water to the island, he went down from the tower to talk with Johnson, the guard. But after a while he seemed to grow shy. He ceased to go to the town to read the papers and to go down to talk politics with Johnson. Whole weeks passed in this way, so that no one saw him and he saw no one. The only signs that the old man was living were the disappearance of the provisions left on shore, and the light of the lantern kindled every evening with the same regularity with which the sun rose in the morning from the waters of those regions. Evidently the old man had become indifferent to the world. Homesickness was not the cause, but just this,—that even homesickness had passed into resignation. The whole world began now and ended for Skavinski on his island.

(To be continued.)



The American Hospital in Warsaw, Poland

Several days ago the American Polish Hospital in Warsaw, Poland was opened officially. The American consul, as well as a number of prominent Polish citizens and Russian officials participated in the opening ceremonies. The opening of the hospital was made possible through a fund raised in America, at the instance of the following committee: Charles G. Dawes, treasurer; James A. Patten, Ralph Van Vechten, Mrs. Harriet Smulski, and F. Smulski. The committee was organized by Mr. Smulski, when he received cablegrams from Poland asking him to aid the Polish people in their native country in caring for the wounded. On December 1, the list of contributions appeared as follows:

C. R. Crane	\$1,000.00
James A. Patten	500.00
Samuel Insull	100.00
Rosenwald & Weil	10.00
A. Gatzert	10.00
Paul Duzeski	1.00
J. H. Amberg	5.00
Phil. Maas & Son	5.00
Swift & Co.	25.00
Bank of Montreal	10.00
International Harvester Co.	100.00
Joseph R. Noel	5.00
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P. J. Finnegan	10.00
Anthony Kulkowski	5.00

Mrs. Emilie Zawadzka	10.00
J. Roman, Los Angeles, Cal.	25.00
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J. F. Śledzienowski, Los Angeles, Cal.	5.00
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Viking Lodge No. 75, A.A.S.R. Amer. Mas. F. ..	25.00
Wanda De Latour	10.00
Edward Lach	2.00
J. Roman, Los Angeles, Cal., collected in	
J. Tomaszewski's tonsorial parlors	10.75
H. E. Kałusowski, Washington, D. C.	50.00
Helen Piotrowska, Richmond, Ky.	5.00
Helen Piotrowska collected in Richmond, Ky. ..	11.13
Chas. E. Schlytern	20.00
Klee Bros.	25.00
Alessandro Mastro-Valerio	2.00
Helen Piotrowska, Richmond, Ky.	5.00
Mrs. A. Lynn, Richmond, Ky.	2.00
T. M. Helinski	10.00
Alexander Gawencki	3.00
Samuel Insull	100.00
Wladislaw Jaworski	1.00
Jan Jaworski	1.00
Jozef Zebrowski	2.00
Adam Franczkowski	3.00
Polikarp Paradzinski	13.00
Theodor Goszczycki	2.00
Stanisław Majewski	5.00

Total 2,258.88

All contributions should be addressed to MR. CHAS. G. DAWES, 125 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Balance	1,957.82	Rev. Dr. Alex Pitass, Buffalo, N. York,	105.00	Rev. J. Darowski, Buffalo, N. Y.	10.00
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